THE WHITE LIFE.

I center the All--
The All is etheric, incoming rays
Of luminous whiteness, uniting all
virtues,
And of vibrant life, evolving all
values,
And of untarnished beauty, exhaus-
ting all attractions.

In the center of the All of White
I stand:
I receive its innumerable arrows
into my soul;
They hurt not. Oh, but they thrill
me and purify!
They awaken the eternal Self of me!
And they repel not, but draw,
Till I go,--on the wings of good-
will I go,--
With a smile of well-meaning to
every living thing;
And the brotherhood of existance
I see,
And my joy it is full:
For I and each soul are beloved
By the luminous beautiful All.

Then I rise as from a bath in
Life's springs,
Tingling with courage and hope,
Now the first man or woman I meet
I greet,
Large in myself, as equally large
My kin in the drift of worlds;
I fear them not, for, whatever

they be,
I have dwelt in the Center of All,
I have conquered as mine the White
Life.
I am the life that is white,--
I am one with the Wonderful All.